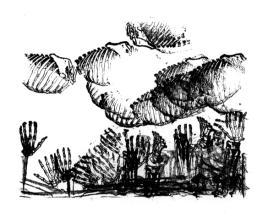
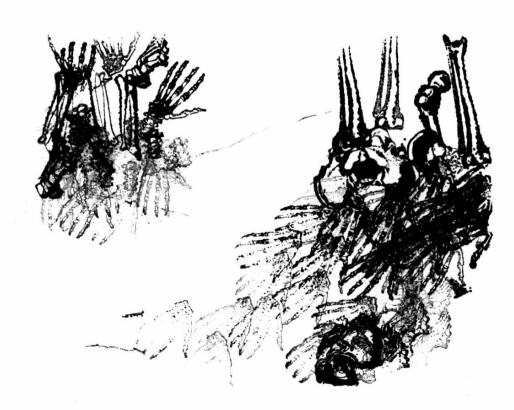
L.L. de Mars

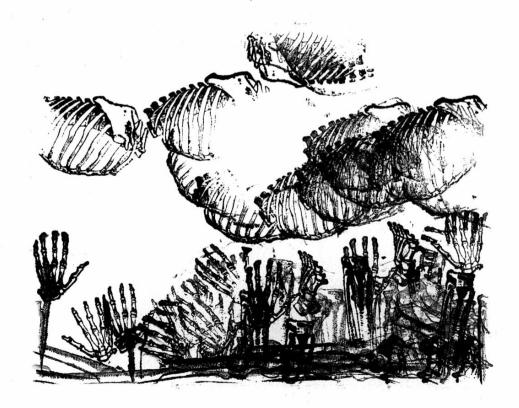


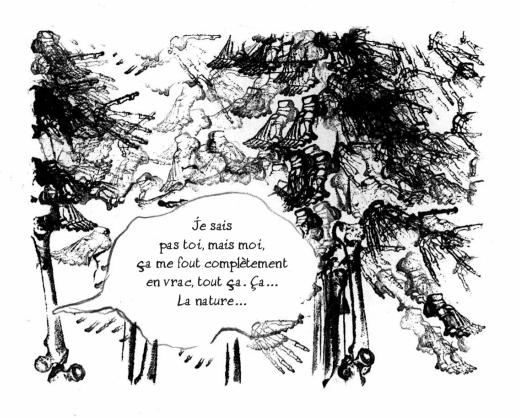
Dialogues de morts à propos de musique



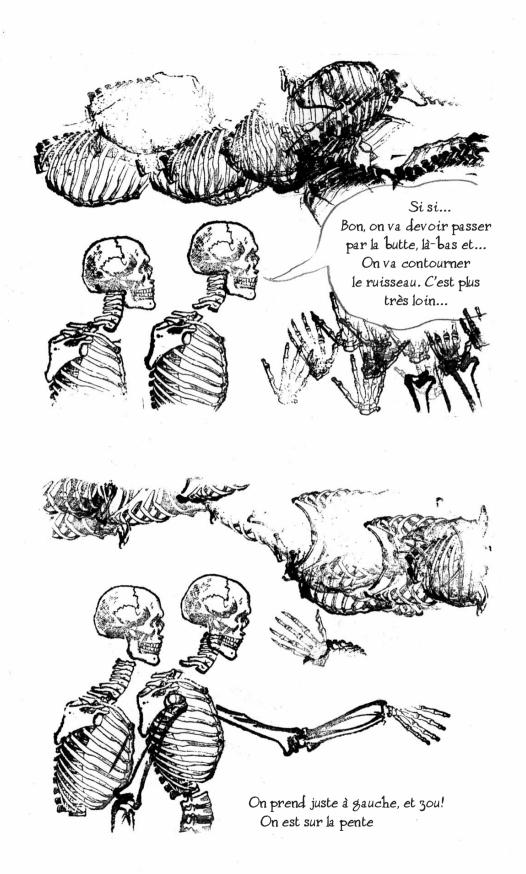


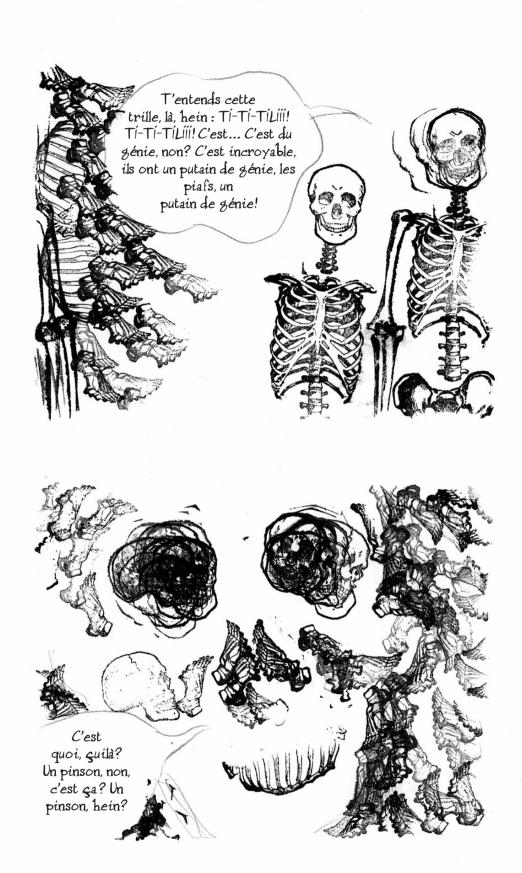


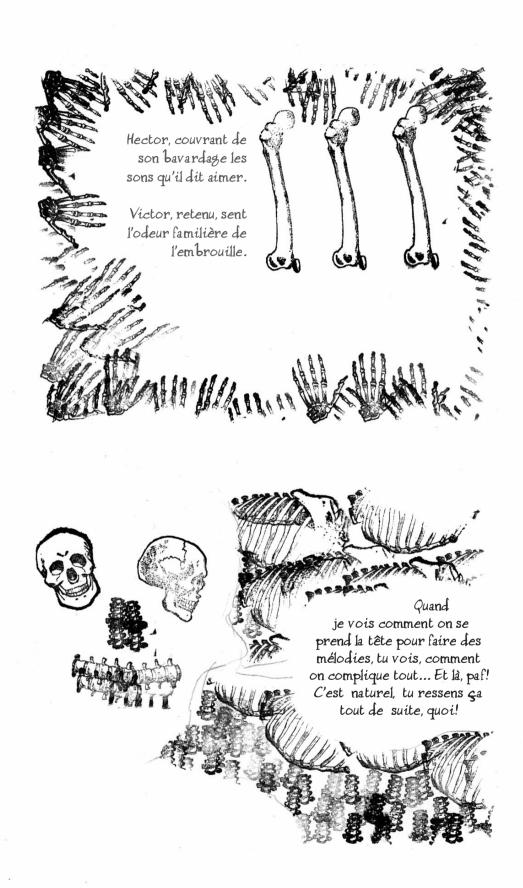


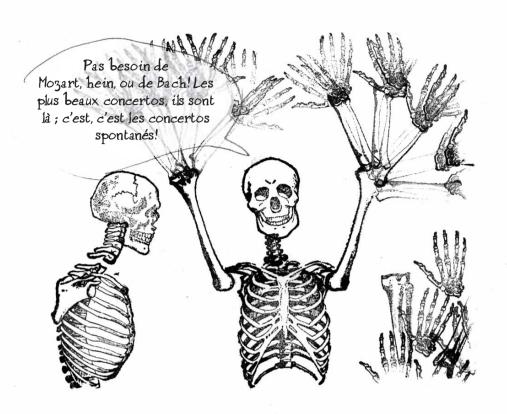


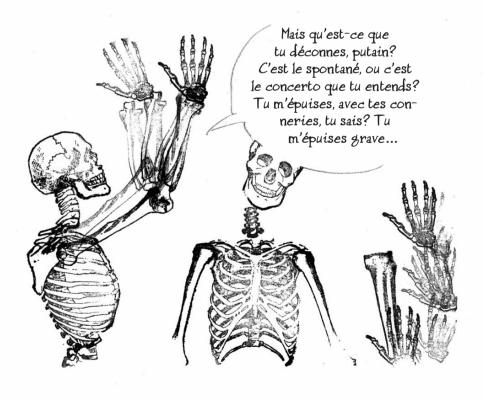


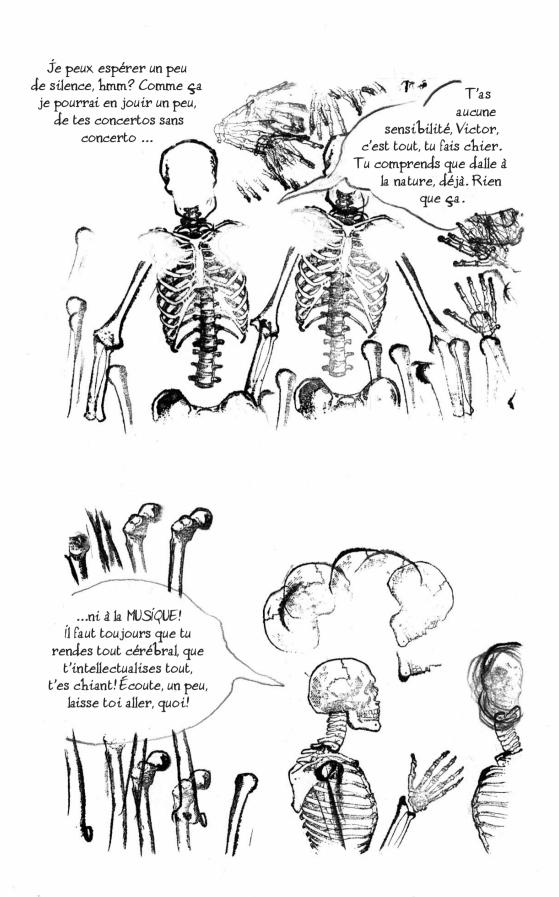


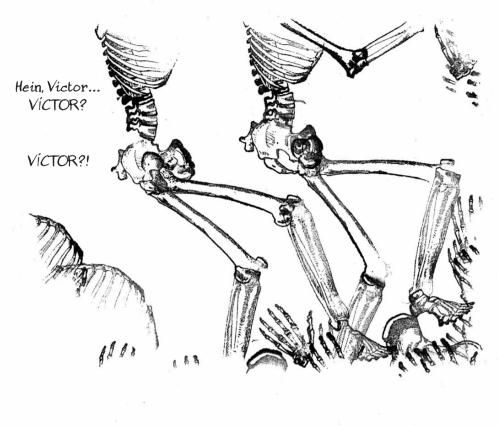






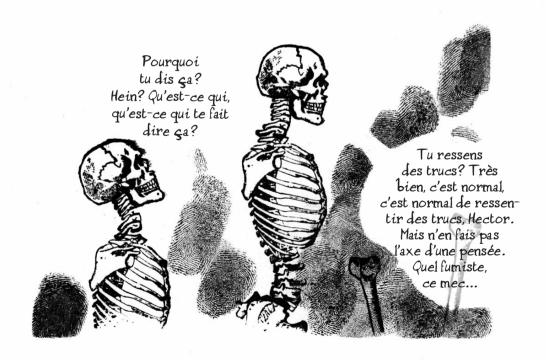


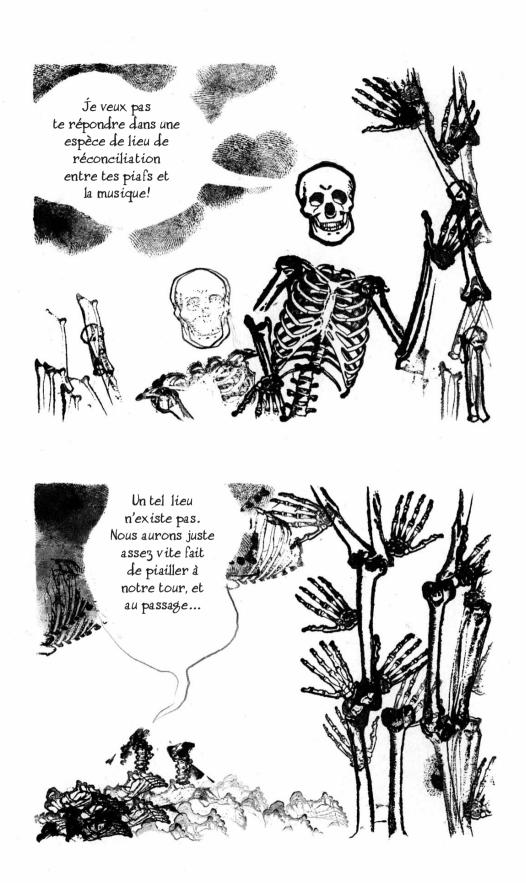


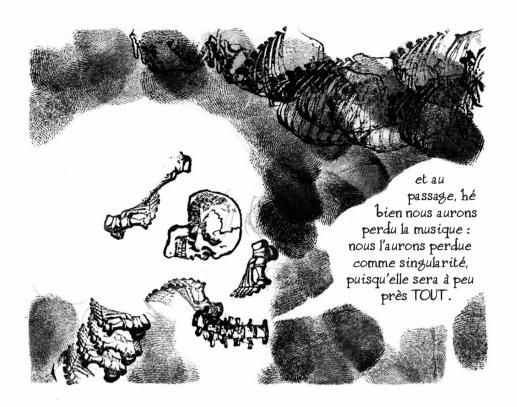








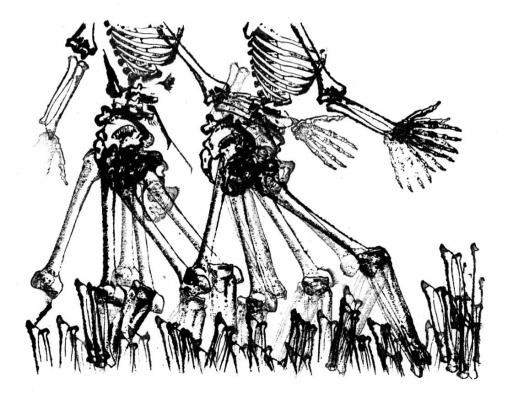


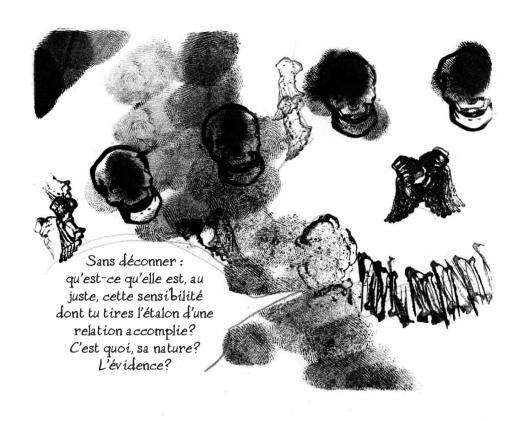


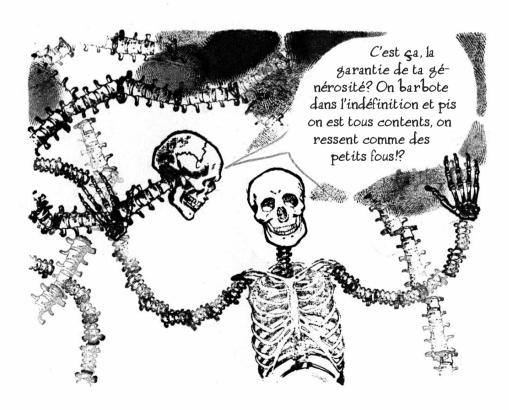


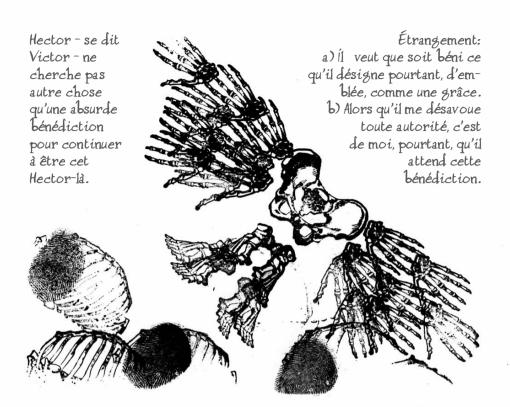


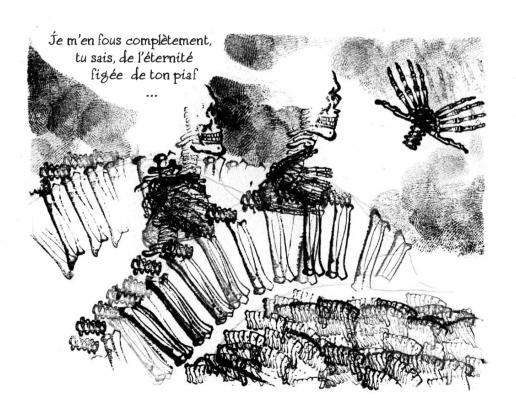
Allez, zou, la pluie va pas tarder à tomber.

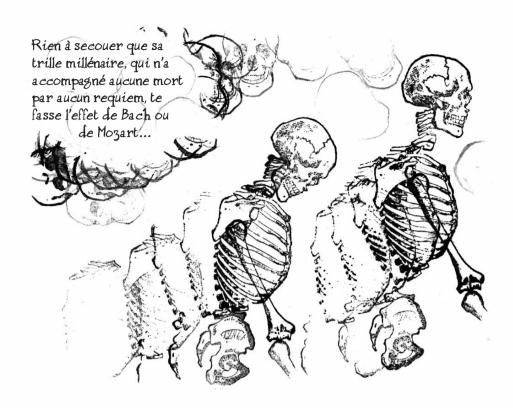


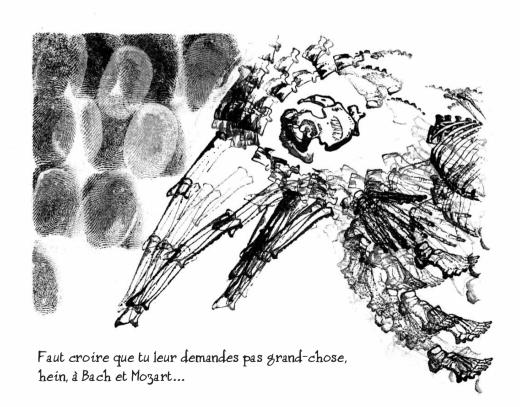


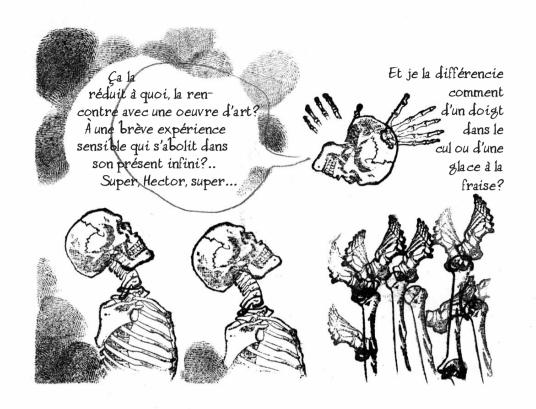




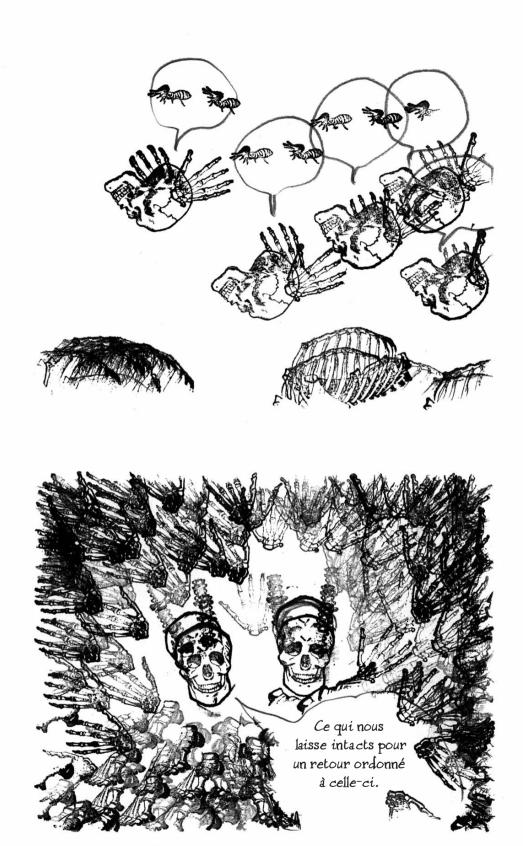


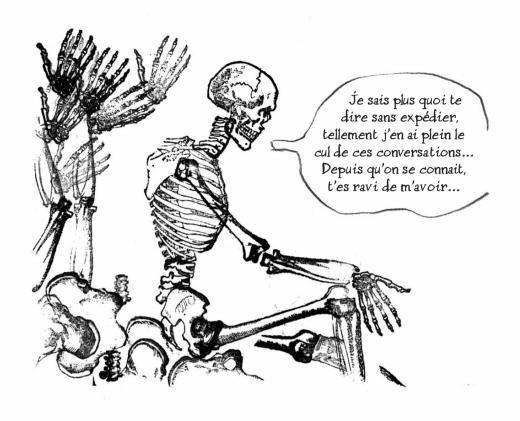


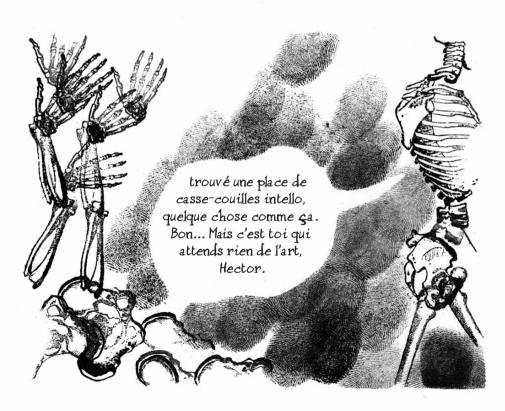


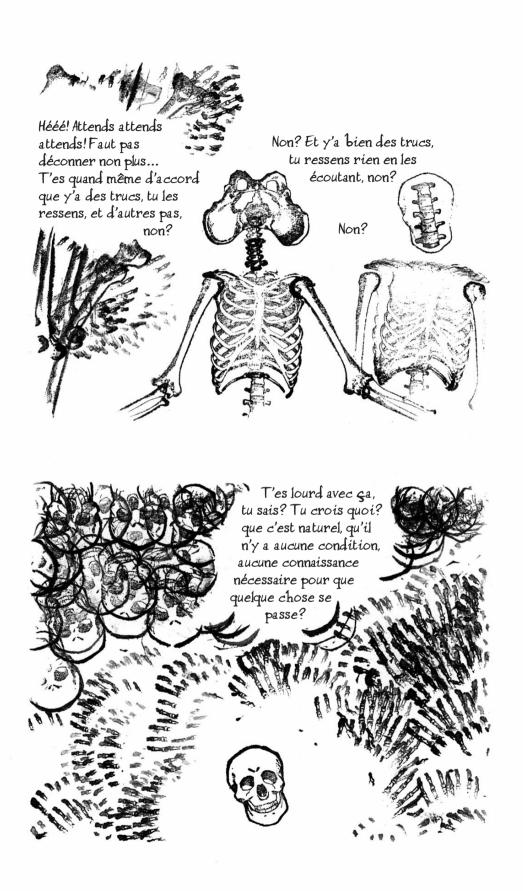


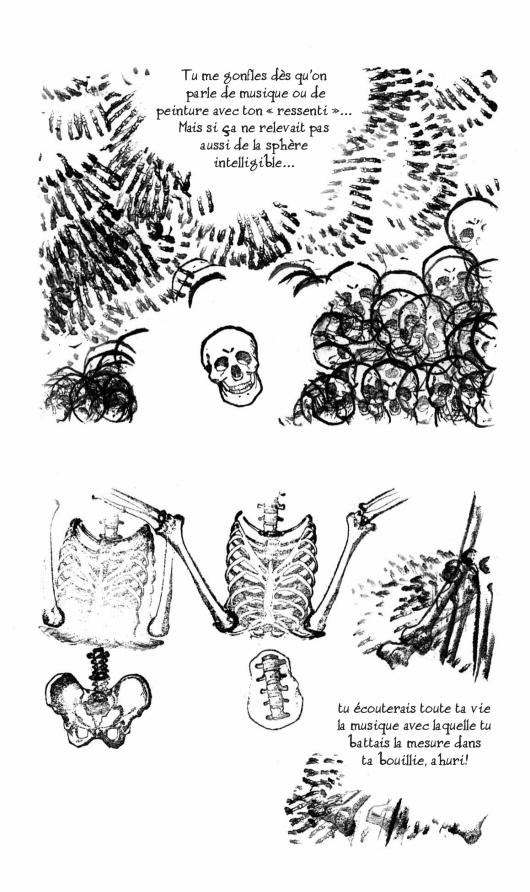


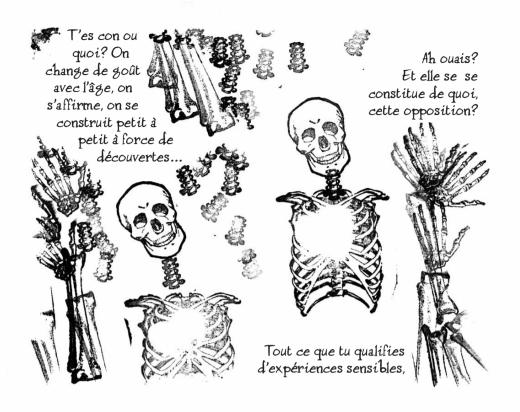


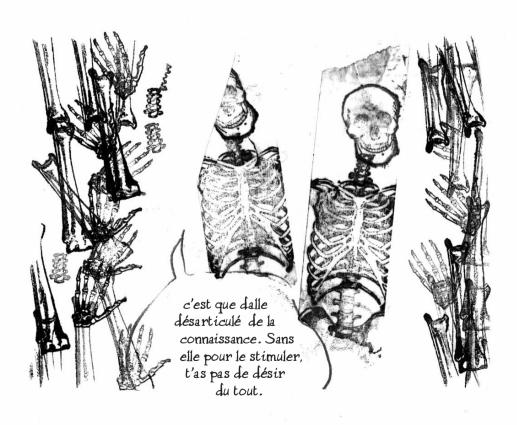


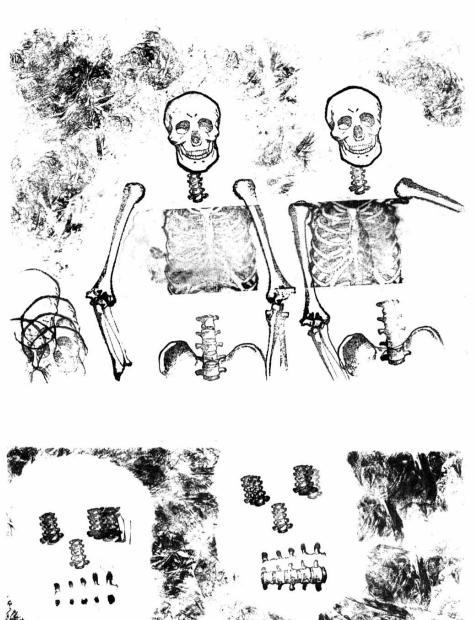




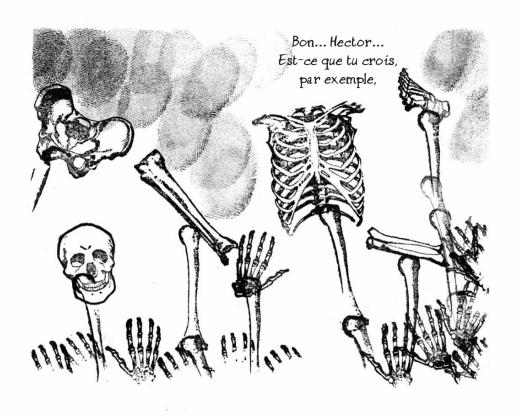


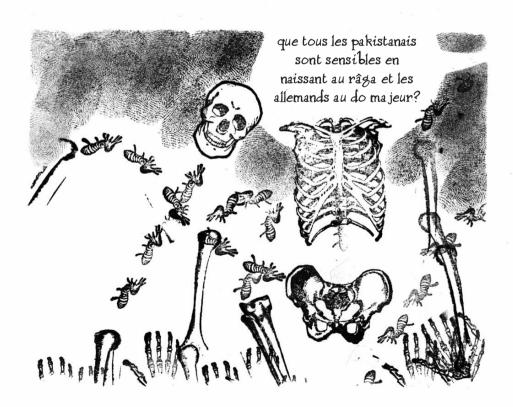






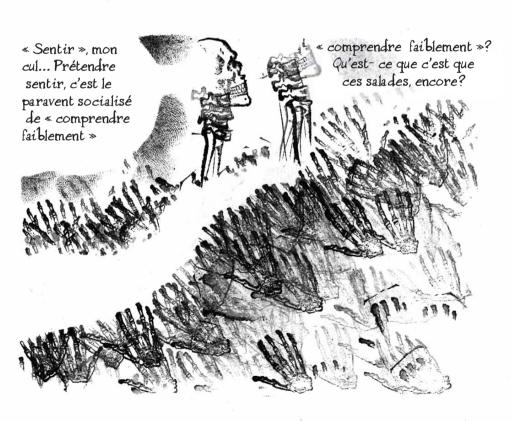
Qu'est-ce
que t'essaies de
m'embrouiller avec
ma sensibilité?
Je sais ce que
je ressens, quoi!

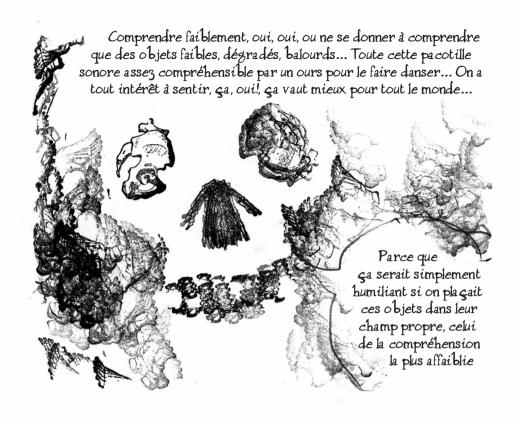


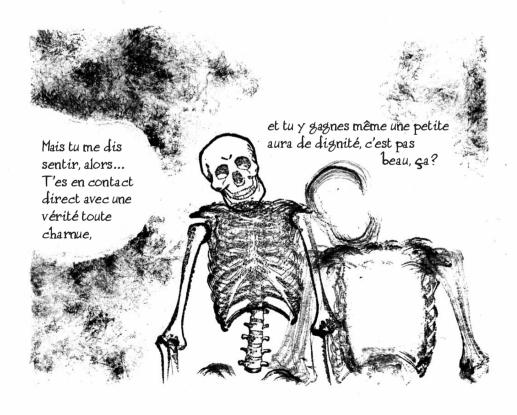


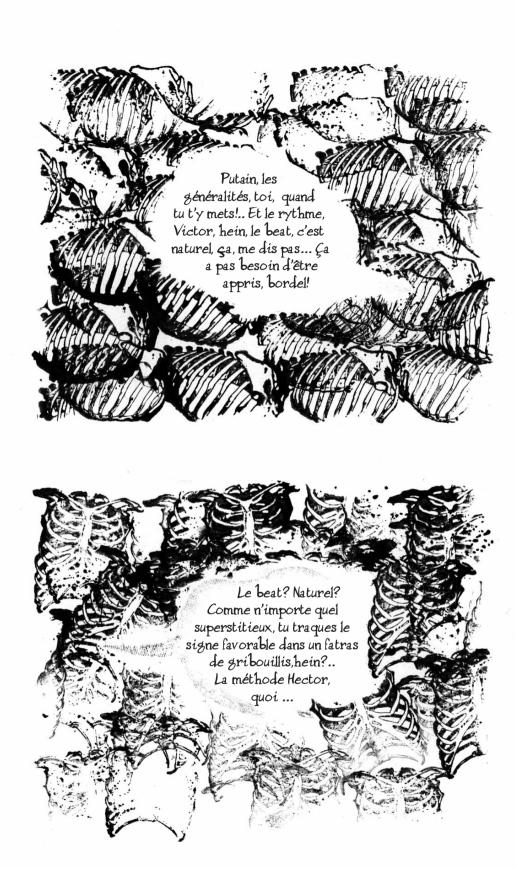






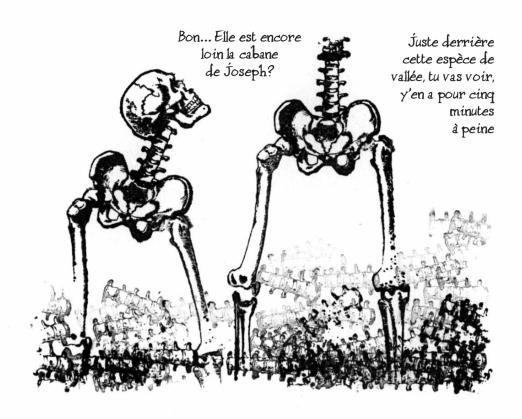


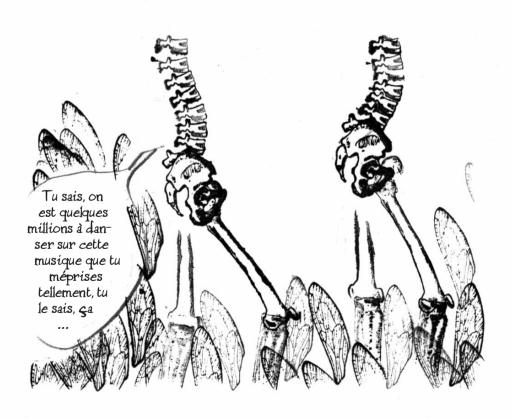




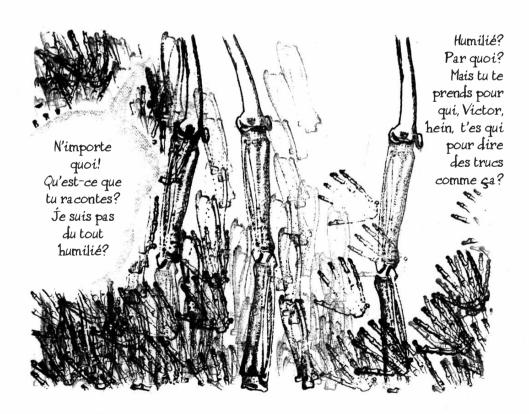


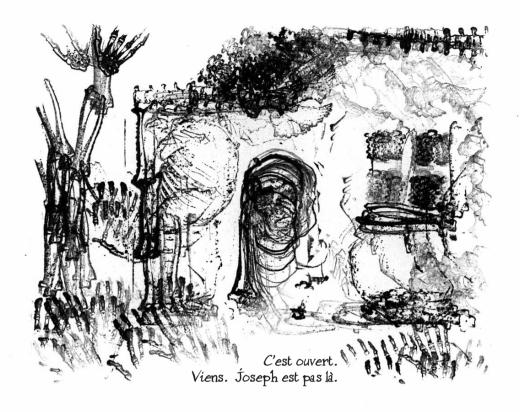












« Allez, pose ton cul. Je dis juste, oui, mais prends une chaise, allez! T'as qu'à prendre celle-là. On se fait une petite partie? - Ouais ouais, si tu veux. - Bon, je dis quoi? »

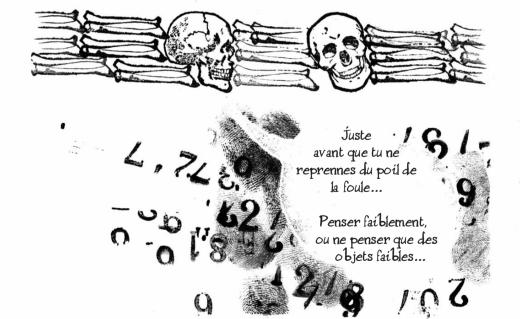


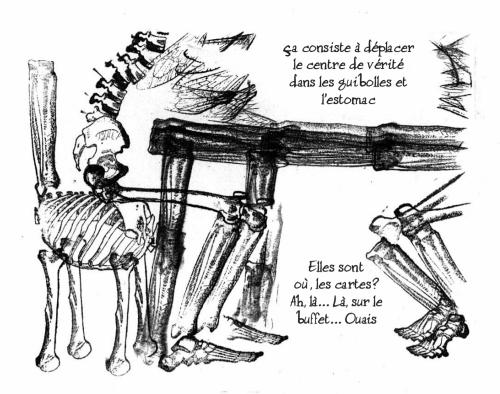




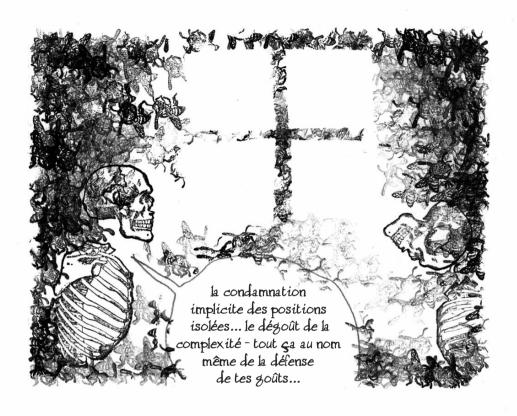


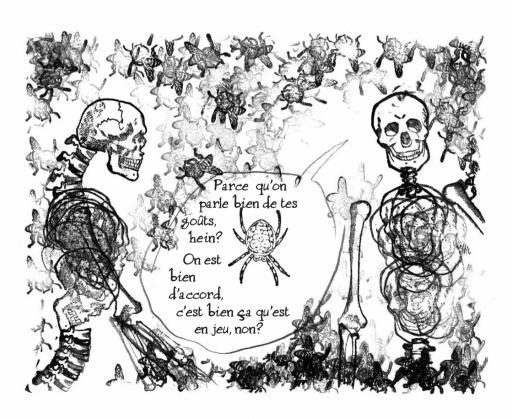


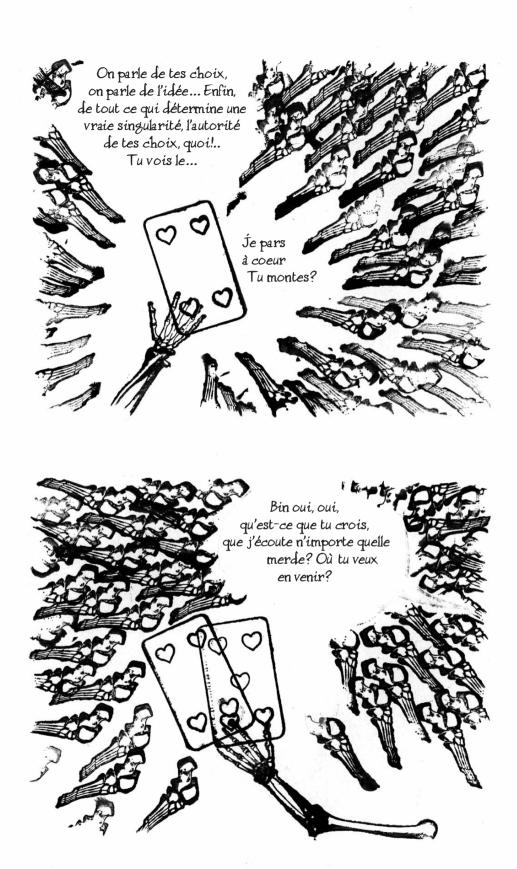


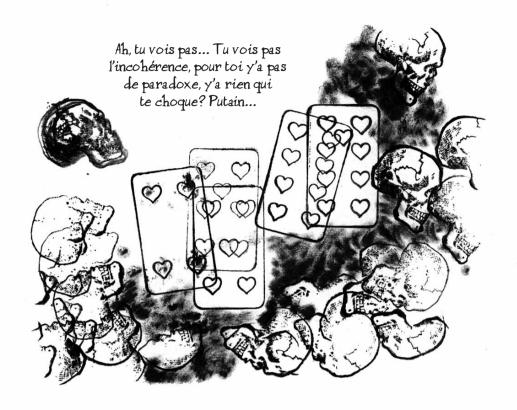


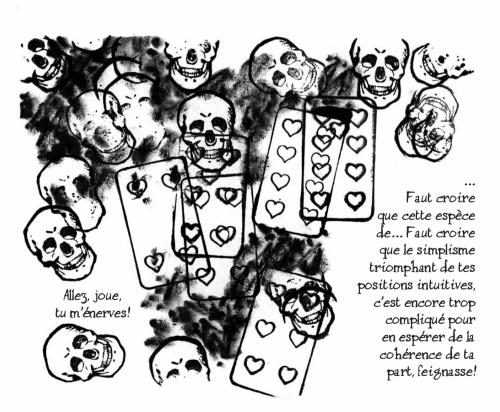


















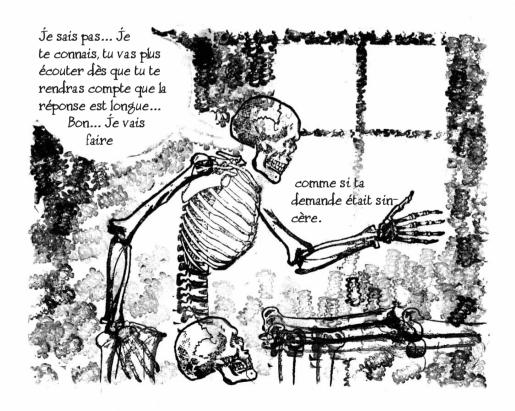


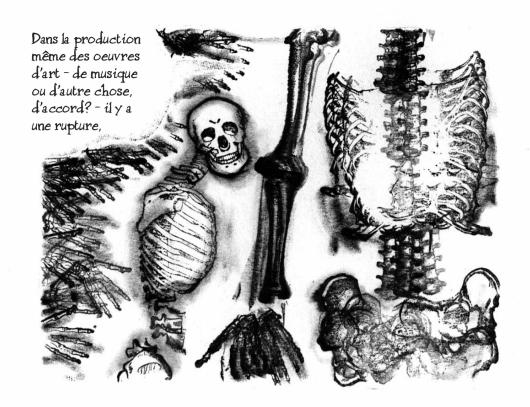


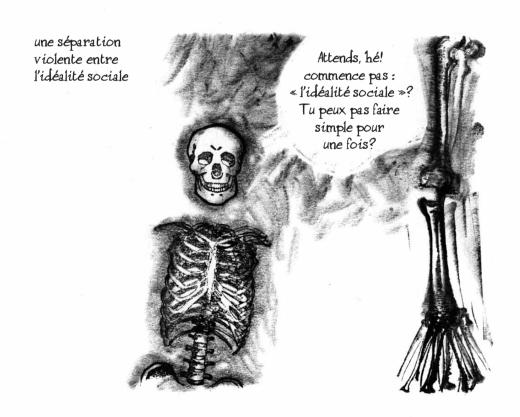
Mais moi, JE TE VOIS, Hector, je te vois.

Bon, la pluie a l'air de s'être arrêtée, on va se faire une ballade en forêt?
Ça me gonfle, les cartes.

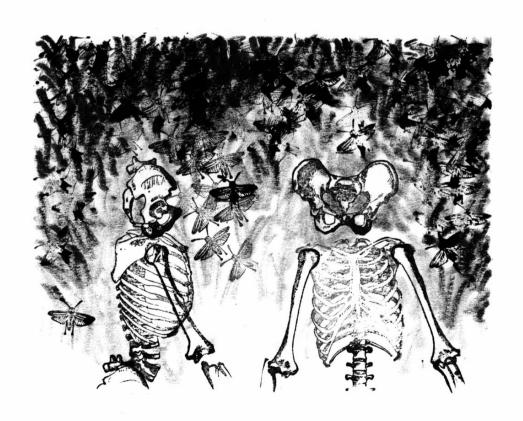






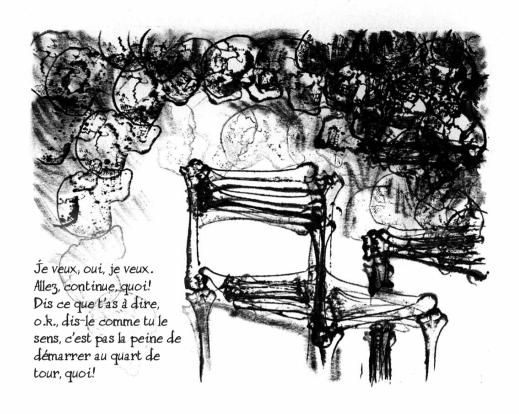


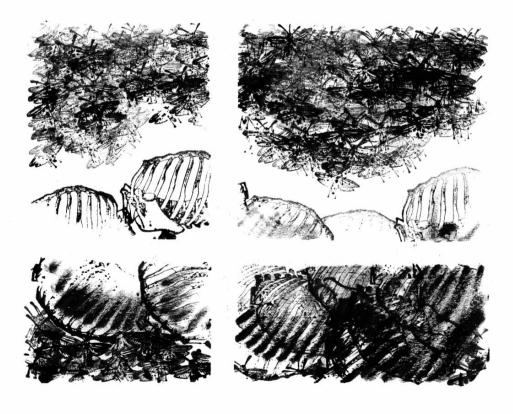
278 24 1278 26 1278 1278 1813 780 91 781 1278 14 1278 161278 1278 14 1278 191278 1278 24 1278 25 1278 1278 24 1278 25 1278 1278 27 1278 28 191278 1278 27 1278 28 191278 1278 27 1278 28 191278 1278 27 1278 28 191278 1278 27 1278 28 191278 1278 27 1278 28 191278 1278 27 1278 28 191278 1278 27 1278 28 191278

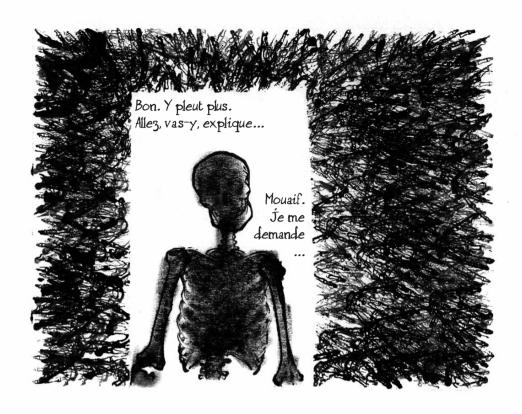




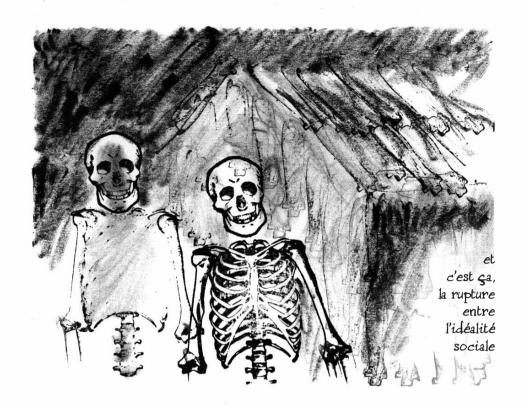




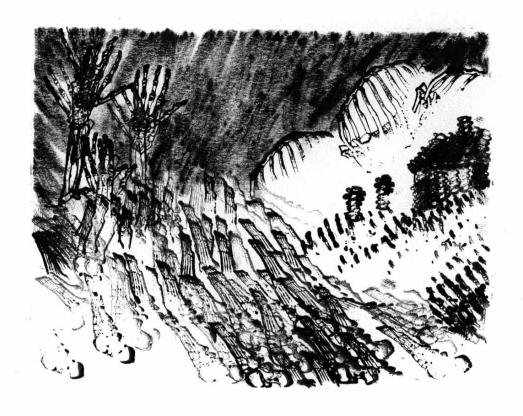


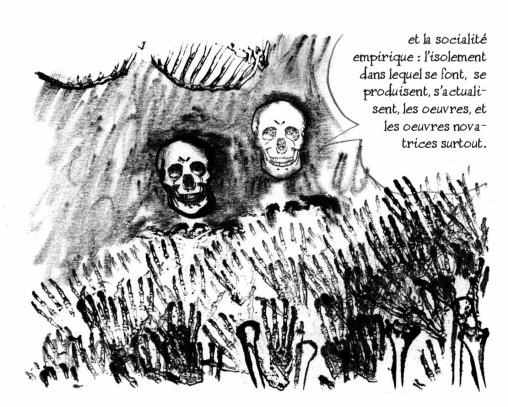




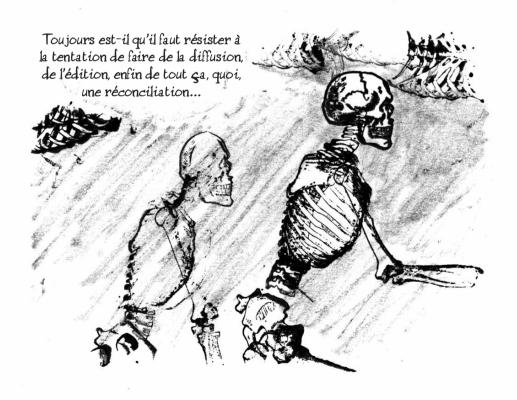




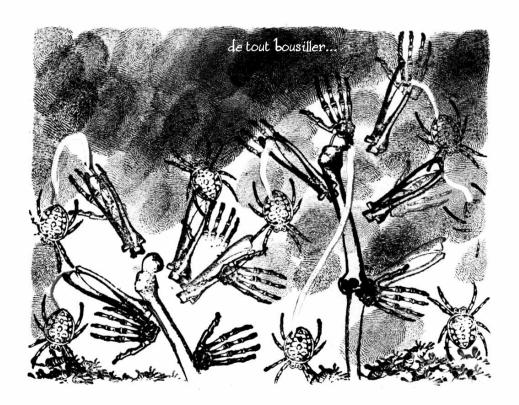




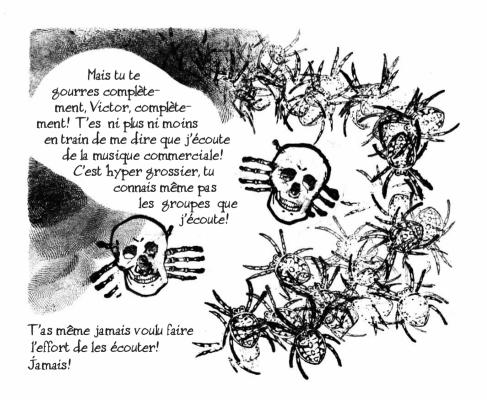


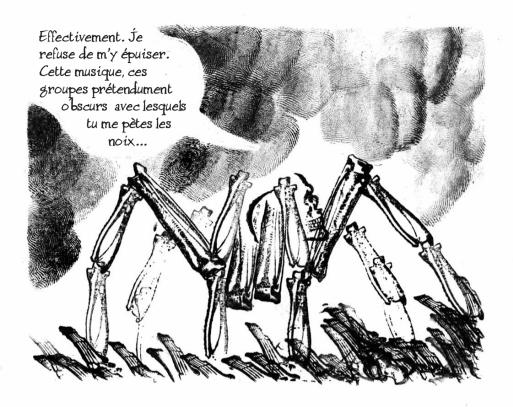










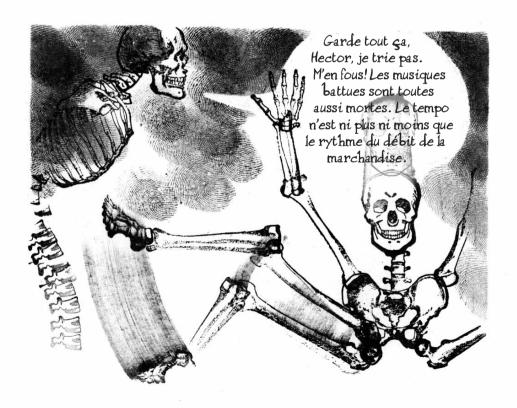


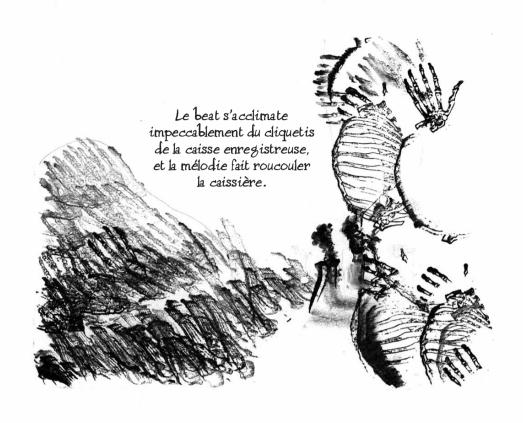




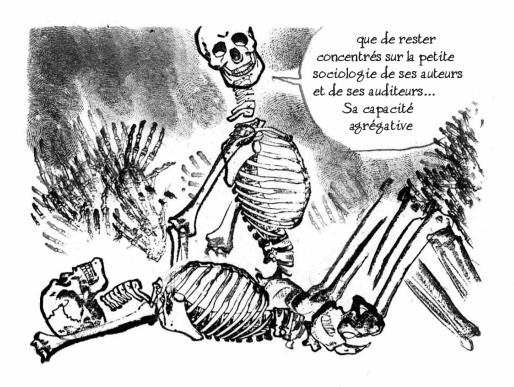


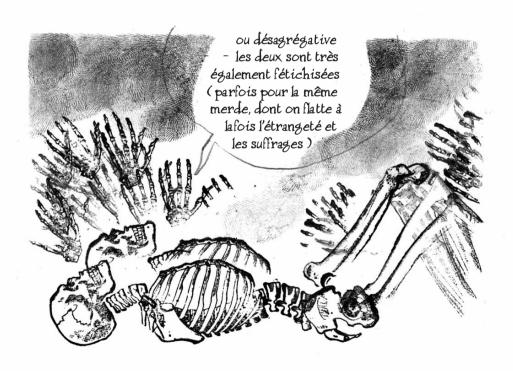


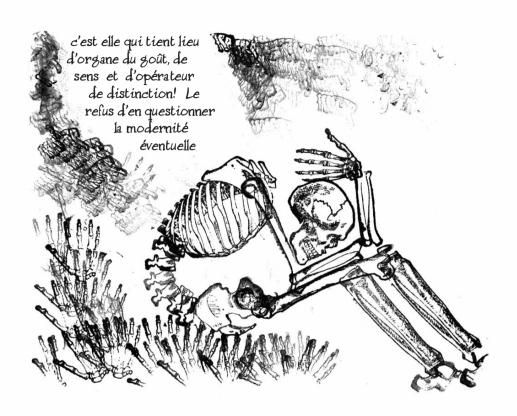


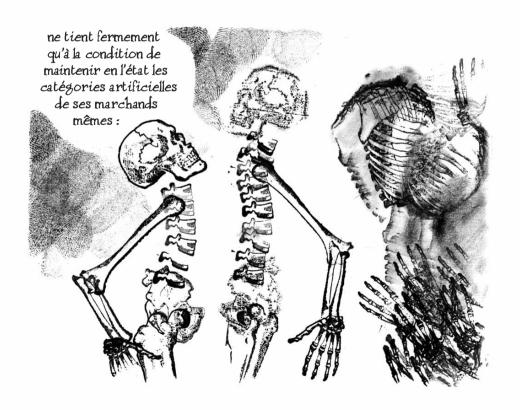


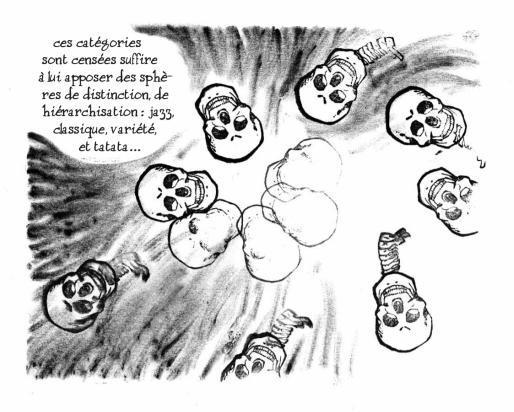






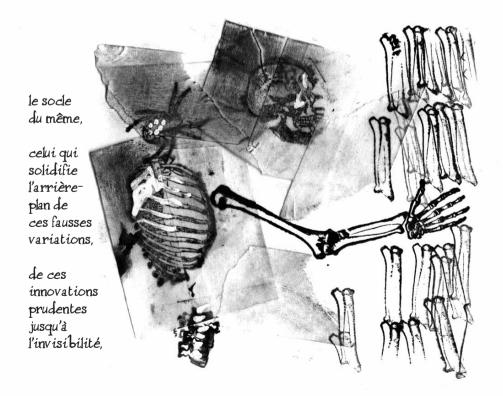




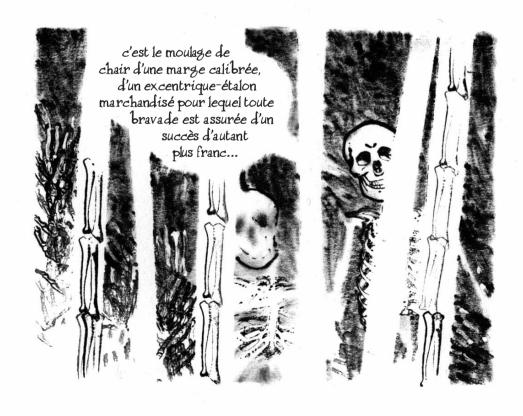


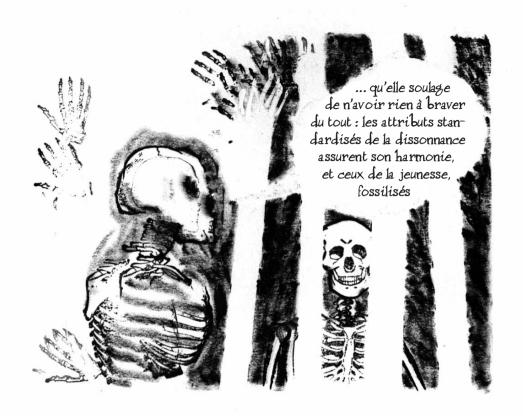




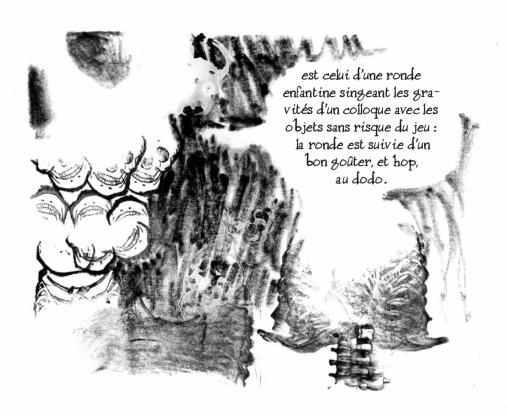








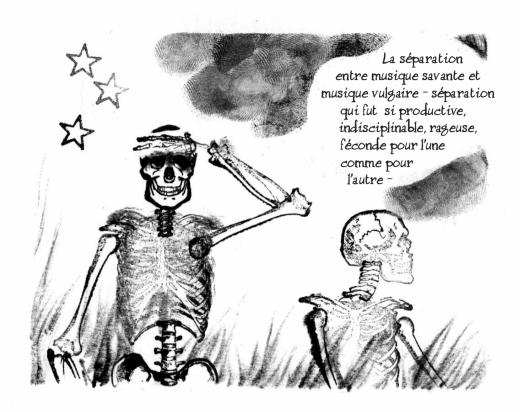


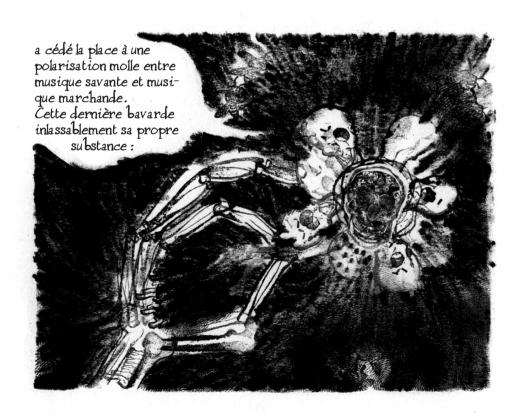


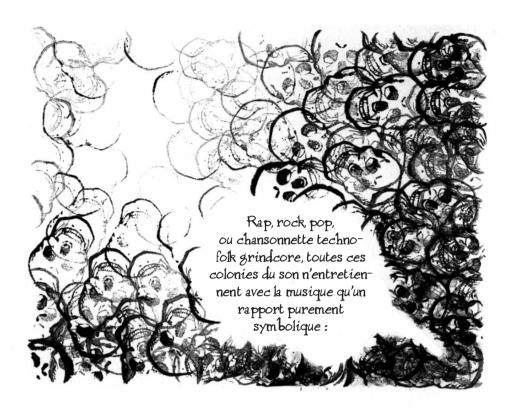


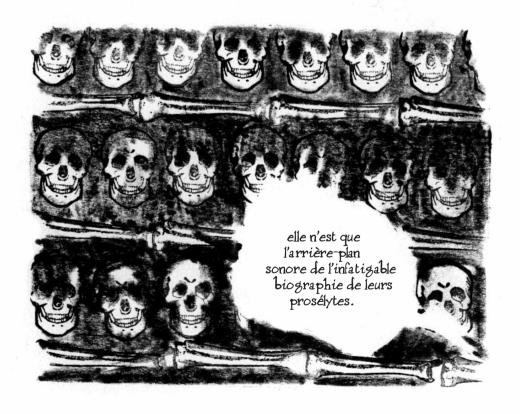




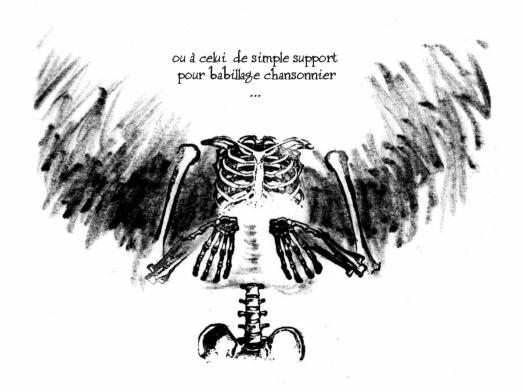


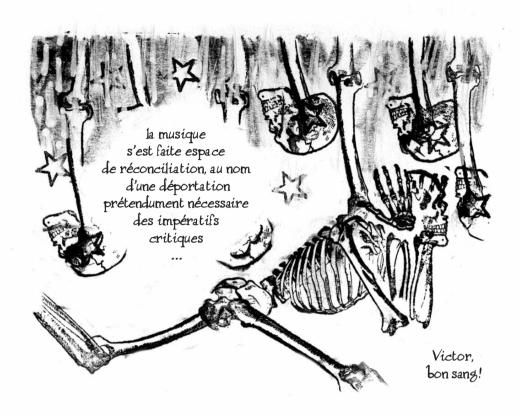


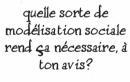






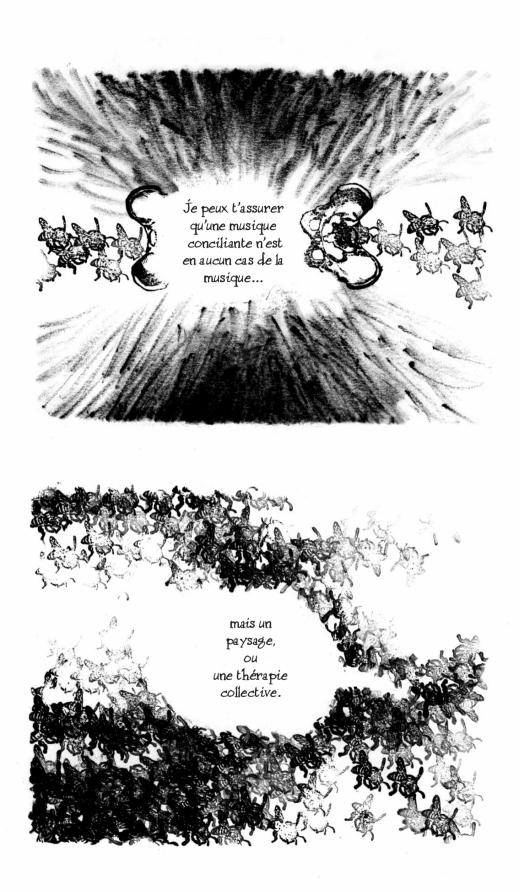


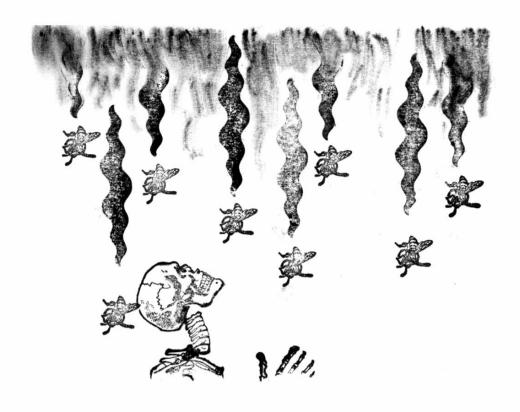


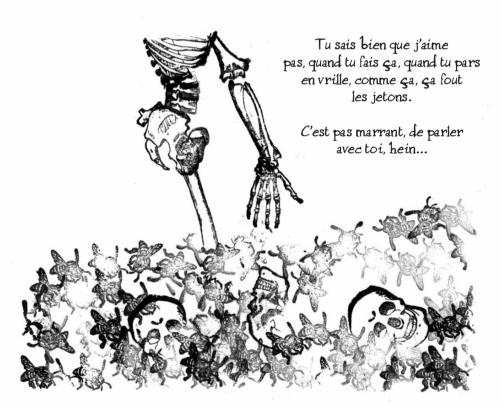




Victor, allez, déconne pas, arrête, là!











que la musique, c'est de la musique que quand on se fait chier!





